After the "viewing" Caspar drove us back to the office. We sat for a few minutes with the manager. We were in shock. When I described what we'd seen the manager observed that Adam hadn't been able to control his own life or his own death either. The manager left first, after warning us about bad dreams. I was supposed to work early the next morning, while all the workers from Emile Durkheim Housing and Support Services attended the funeral. There was to be a sermon by a United Church minister. I wondered how that had happened. Adam had been an atheist. He said priests and ministers were as dirty as everybody else. Death was a "dirt nap." I phoned Caspar to say that I was quitting. I had no respect for the manager. I didn't even want to tell her what time it was. I'm not sure that I liked Caspar, but I respected his cynicism.

I told him that I wouldn't be in tomorrow, the day of Adam's funeral. I asked him to please notify the manager, as I didn't want to talk to him myself. I was quitting.

Caspar asked me what was wrong. He hoped I wasn't getting all depressed. I said I didn't see any future for myself in the House. I realized that Caspar probably wouldn't be Adam's successor. It would probably be some old hippie, or maybe an ex-punk, since the hippies were dying off.

I knew I wouldn't be able to stand it. He'd come in late because he was hung-over, then brag about his

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